





## GIOVANNI AND THE OTHER.

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

## CHAPTER I.

GIOVANNI walked up the enclosed road leading to the great white hotel with the many marble balconies. It was a quite a grand hotel, and stood in a garden where palm trees and orange trees and a white balustrade separated the garden from the carriageway, drive, by the gray-green olives, and roses and bellotropes grew in tumbling masses over the stone. It was on an elevation, and below it one could see the promenade by the sea and the great lake-like sapphire blue expanse of the Mediterranean.

The sun seemed always shining and the air always bright. There were always flowers, for the little town was a pretty, quaint one on the Riviera.

It was called San Remo, and in the winter was always full of foreigners, who came to see the sun when it seemed finally to have left England, or to escape from wind and cold when they were delicated.

Most of them—the forestieri—were more or less delicate. Some of them had thin, pale faces, and coughed and walked slowly; some of them were pulled about in invalid chairs, and often one saw one in deep mourning.

But whatever had happened to them, whether they were well or ill, or burdened with sorrow, they were pleased with the flowers, and carried them about in bunches, and if any one played the guitar and mandolin and sang well, they were pleased, and gave money to the players and singers.

Giovanni was one of those who, fortunately, could be a man with him who played the harp.

He was an Italian boy, about 14 years old. He was strong and plump and well built, and had a dark-eyed, merry, pretty face and a gay, bright smile.

They had so much money, these forestieri, Giovanni thought they might well be good-natured. Think what lives they must have, these people who were rich enough to travel away from unpleasant weather, and who lived in great gay hotels, eating wondeful things, and, in time, a day, waited upon by dozens of servants. Ah! what a life it must be, to be sure.

But though he was only a little peasant, Giovanni knew that fortune had not been unkind to him, after all. He had his voice, and had had luck with it even since the man with the harp had proposed that he should go and sing with him before the hotels and villas.

Giovanni had a share of the money, and he was a good boy, and, given a chance, he could, even to the extent of having a scarf to wrap round his throat on chilly nights, for he should catch cold and become hoarse. The man with the harp knew he was worth something.

He had a full, sweet, strong voice, and he sang his songs of the people with a melodious freshness. He had a little repertoire of his own, and was not reduced to singing "Santa Lucia" as often as many of the street troubadours. There was a little song of a respectful boy, a rather embarrassing, which recalls the past to the unkind ones.

And Giovanni used to stand with his hands in his hips and pour forth these recitations on his lips, full, boyish voice, looking so happy and young and content that it was very charming. And then there was "Aje Carolie" and the Ritrata, and the gayest one of all, a rattling little one about the Bersagliere.

The morning my story begins was a perfect one. It was in January, but San Remo was flooded with brilliant sunshine, the

belonged to the larger apartments, and at the end of one of these a lady was standing, leaning against the marble balustrade, and resting her forehead on her hand as she looked down at him.

Giovanni saw that she was one of the forestieri, who were in deep mourning; she was all black, but that she had blonde hair, and her eyes were very bright. There was something sad and fatigued about her attitude, and, as Leo looked up, she touched her eyes lightly with the finger that had the ring on it.

"You are a nice story out of him," said the girl, with a cressing little laugh.

"You are imagining he may have a career before he is world-renowned, tenor."

"I know your story out of him," said the girl, with a cressing little laugh.

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## NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

## Consecration of Phillips Brooks as Bishop.

## Painful Suicide of a Young Lady Student—Biblical Poverty in Vermont.

## Fly Wheel Bursts in Amoskeag Mill—News in Brief.

With services as solemn and inspiring as have ever been witnessed in this city, the popular and eloquent rector of Trinity church, whose name person better known than any other in the land, and breadth of the land, was on Wednesday last transfigured from minister to bishop.

Trinity church, the stately and magnificent, the scene of his great triumphs as a pastor, was the scene of his elevation to the highest office in the gift of his coreligionists.

A more befitting temple for the ceremony could hardly have been devised by architect or built with money. The only regret was that the services did not ten times greater, so general was the desire of Dr. Brooks' countess admirers to witness his impressive elevation.

The 1632 invitations that were issued could have been increased to 20 times that number, and none of them have gone begging.

The procession of delegates, diocesan officials, visiting and diocesan clergymen was an impressive one. Then Bishop-elect Brooks, with his attending presbyters, Rev. John Cotton Brooks, rector of Christ church, New York, and his brother, Rev. Dr. John of the church of the Incarnation, New York, his brothers came next, followed closely by the officials of the general church including Dr. W. W. Walker, Dr. D. of Stamford, Conn., secretary of the house of bishops; Rev. J. Livingston Beebe, D. of Albany, N. Y., and Rev. Dr. H. H. Talbot of the house of clerical and lay deputies.

Next came the following officiating bishops in their red and white Oxford robes: Bishop Williams of Connecticut, the presiding bishop; Bishop Whipple of Minnesota; Bishop Clark of Boston; Bishop Howe of central Pennsylvania; Bishop Niles of Long Island; Bishop Porter of New York; preacher in Boston; Bishop Talbot of Wyoming; Bishop Doane of Albany.

This order was reversed when the processions met in the west end of the church, and in the march up the central aisle to the chancel was an illustration of the saying that "the last is first."

Right Rev. Henry Foster of New York preached the sermon after the usual morning and anti-communion service. The bishop's text was from Acts, xiii., 24, and II. Tim., 1, 6:

"As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, 'Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work which I have to do.' And when they had fasted and prayed and laid their hands on them, they sent them away. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed.

Skip up the gift of God which is in thee by the putting on of my hands.

After the sermon came the consecration of the Order for the Consecration of Bishops, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer. Presiding Bishop Williams of Connecticut assisted Bishop Clark in the ceremony. Porter and Clark conducted the ceremony.

After the consecration the celebration of the mass commenced, and the long service closed by singing as the recessional hymn, "For all the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest."

## SUICIDE OF A BROKER.

## VICTIM OF KLEPTOMANIA.

Exposure of Petty Theft Followed by Young Lady's Suicide.

TARZON, Mass., Oct. 13.—Dr. S. D. Prebrey has just returned from Northampton, in quest of his daughter.

Going to Northampton he first sought the president and was told that his daughter Laura had acknowledged herself guilty of theft; that for some time the girls at the school had been missing small amounts of money, and detectives were put on the track.

On Monday she was detected in the act of taking a small sum from the pocketbook of a classmate, and word was conveyed to the school authorities, who then sent her father word that it was his daughter.

She was summoned before him, and at first denied having taken anything, but when he asked her if she had any money he broke down and acknowledged the theft.

She said she did not know why she did it, because she had plenty of money of her own, and her father never stinted her in anything.

Then she was requested to meet the president this afternoon at 5 o'clock, and by that time it was supposed her father would be on hand.

When he came it was agreed that it would be best for him to go to the hotel where his daughter was, and there where she schoolmates were, and he went there to await her coming.

Having waited for 5 o'clock, and no sign of her, he went to the school and found she had not been near him, the latter supposing that she was with her father all the time.

Then a search was begun, and it was found that she had not left the place by rail, team or in any way known to the officers, and had disappeared. They broke down and acknowledged the theft.

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Trouble in the Adams Express Co.'s Directorate.

Canada on the Brink of Bankruptcy or Annexation.

Notable News from Every Section of the Republic.

New York, Oct. 15.—The new developments in the Adams Express Company's affairs today make the case against the deposed officers of the company somewhat more complicated. It is now known that neither the ex-president, John Hoey, nor the vice-president, Capt. Spooner, has owned a dollar's worth of stock in the company for the last three years. This was found out when it was decided to prevent the transfer of the stock, which was supposed to be standing in their names, on the books of the company. The revelation was a surprise to the new officers, and they were at a loss to know how such a thing could have gone on without being known.

At the same time, it was said today that an attempt would be made, and that quickly, to try to recover the large sums of money which the syndicate had secured from the Adams Express Company. Suits will be begun immediately, and while the company has little hope of recovering anything from Mr. Hoey there are good grounds for the belief that a judgment can be secured against Mr. Spooner which can be collected.

New York, Oct. 16.—Judge Patterson of the U. S. Court of Appeals, president of the Adams Express Company, granted an attachment against the property of John Hoey, the deposed president of the company, in a suit to recover over \$500,000.

The attachment is granted on the ground of non-residence, Mr. Hoey's home being at Hollywood, N. J.

The attachment was at once handed to Deputy Sheriff Stevens.

John Hoey, ex-president of the Adams Express Company, was interviewed, but he refused to talk of the charges made against him, acting, he said, under the advice of his counsel.

He added, however, that the charges are so serious that he must answer them, but that would come at the proper time.

Mr. Hoey said he would appear before the sheriff to that effect.

The public, he said, should realize that they have heard but one side of the story as yet.

In a few days they would hear the other.

## WRECKED AT MINGO.

Two Persons Killed by Collision of Express Trains.

PROSPECT, Penn., Oct. 16.—The Pan Handle vestibule limited east-bound was wrecked at Mingo Junction, four miles west of Steubenville, O., at 6:30 o'clock this morning.

William Marshall, brakeman, and Joseph Weston, express messenger, were killed, and post-boys R. Keyes, S. W. Davis and A. Stanley, and Robert McPherson, bagagemaster, were injured.

None of the passengers were injured, although the train was stopped.

The accident was caused by a head-on collision of the limited with a freight train on a piece of track called the "gauntlet."

The crash was terrific, completely demolishing the engines, telescoping the postal and baggage cars, but fortunately only destroying one sleeper.

## IN HARD STRAITS.

Annexation to the United States or Bankruptcy for Canada.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—A special committee from Ottawa says Premier Abbott is greatly concerned over the unmistakable sentiment rapidly developing in every quarter of the Dominion in favor of political union with the United States.

Some of the most ardent supporters of the late Sir John Macdonald have become the strongest opponents of annexation.

A leader in the Tory ranks said last night that, as much as he disliked to make the admission, there was no disputing the fact that the Canadian people were in favor of bankruptcy and that appeared to be politically union with the south.

Others, however, were in favor of annexation to the United States.

There are more than 100 seats in Parliament, within six months there will be from 50 to 75 elections, in which the question of political union with the United States will be the important issue.

WILLIAM ROSE EXECUTED.

Hanged at Midnight in Compliance With Minnesota Law.

REDWOOD FALLS, Minn., Oct. 16.—William Rose was hanged soon after midnight this morning, under the law that requires all executions to be carried out between midnight and dawn, out of sight of all newspaper men. His victim was Moses Lufkin. Rose wrote a long letter to the press yesterday in which he charged a farmer named Glover with committing the murder.

LOOKS LIKE THE MAFIA.

CASPER, Wyo., Oct. 13.—Dr. Joseph Benson, son of the late Dr. Benson, was last night for the umpteenth time at the business end of a chair in the basement of the hotel where he had been confined to a bed for three weeks.

He was hanged yesterday afternoon. A large older man was partially demolished.

Charles W. Leonard of Westmoreland, N. H., while driving across the railroad track, struck the second car of a passenger train. The man was killed.

He sustained a stroke of paralysis, and was confined to a chair for three weeks.

He is now in a condition of semi-consciousness.

He is to be hanged again on Saturday.

## BELLE BURGOYNE'S BLUNDER.

By FRANK H. STAUFFER.

As Gerald Dubrasset was walking along a secluded path in the environs of Florence, he heard some one murmur.

He glanced through the bushes and saw a young girl seated on one of the rustic benches. Her head was thrown back, and there was an expression of pain on her face. She was simply but neatly clad, and a portion lay on the bench beside her.

He approached her, lifted his hat and kindly said:

"You seem to be in distress. Can I be of any service to you?"

She looked up, her soft gray eyes searching his bronzed, handsome face.

"Sir, I have sprained my ankle—and badly so. I am afraid," she said, speaking with considerable effort, though her voice was not strong. "Did it while it was still dark?"

"What is your name?" she asked.

"I am a maid," she replied. "I have just come up from the village."

"I will carry a carriage," he said.

He had a public conveyance and gently helped her into it. He seated himself opposite to her and tried to engage her in conversation, but found her disposed to be reticent; perhaps because she was suffering—more likely because she was a stranger. Once or twice he caught her furtively scanning his face, as if she was becoming interested in him.

The discovery pleased him, for he was very much impressed in her favor. She was not very handsome, nor especially graceful, and yet there was something about her face that pleased, and much about her manner that was lady-like.

When they reached the cottage in which she lived he assisted her out of the carriage. She did not trust to bear her weight upon her sprained ankle, and so she leaned heavily upon him.

A pretty little waiting-maid came running to the door, quite excited, and yet not forgetting to courtesy to the handsome stranger.

"Oh, Miss Burgoyn, what has happened?" she cried, her hands nervously clasped in front of her.

"Do not be alarmed," her mistress said, "I have merely sprained my ankle."

"Shall I send a doctor?" asked Mr. Dubrasset.

"If you will be so kind," she softly said.

"Also compensate the driver," she added, as she extended her purse.

"Never mind," said Mr. Dubrasset. "I'll settle with him."

"Maria, pay the driver," ordered Miss Burgoyn.

The girl took the purse and paid the man who had sprained her ankle and drove away.

"May I call to inquire how you are getting along?" asked Mr. Dubrasset.

"The doctor will inform you," she sentimentally said.

A piqued expression came to his bronzed face.

"I'll help you into the house," he said.

"I'll lean on Maria," was her reply.

Her tone was firm, but not repellent. He laughed softly and said:

"I consider myself summarily dismissed."

Miss Burgoyn was already leaning on the waiting-maid's arm. She turned to the stranger, the blood filling her face, the gray eyes softening wondrously.

"I am glad, madam, that you have almost apportioned. I have not even thanked you." She paused a moment, and then added: "Yes, you may call me."

Mr. Dubrasset bowed and withdrew, while Miss Burgoyn entered the house in a labored gait, clutching Maria tightly at every step.

He called the next day for her, found her reclining in an easy chair, her bandaged foot resting on a hassock. She welcomed him with a smile, and she held his small white, capable-looking hand.

"You rested well?" he asked, earnest sympathy in his tone.

"Yes, I replied. "The doctor says I'll be off in a few days. Pray be seated."

The room was cosy and inviting—not quite a boudoir, but a boudoir.

"Oh, you are an artist!" he exclaimed, in a pleased tone.

"I am, but I have not yet painted a picture."

"I have a studio in the city," she said, smiling.

"I have not even thanked you."

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## WHERE WOMAN IS QUEEN

And Can Display Her Most Graceful Costumes.

Fifth Avenue Still Deserted by the Leaders of Fashion.

Autumn Gaieties and What the Gay World Wears.

**NEW YORK, Oct. 12.**—**O**ST is not all the fashionable world is now at its country seat. It would be little less than criminal to show yourself on 5th av. before November.

Why, it would be a confession that you have no villa on the Hudson, no bounded estate, nothing but a mere brick and mortar abiding place.

The autumn fêtes at the country seats are taking on a particular effulgence this autumn, and I must say that I don't blame a refined and elegant lady for looking forward with such delight to these few weeks as mistress of the manse.

Here in large rooms and wide halls she may display her most graceful toilettes; here she is queen, every one bends to her, compliments her, conveys her, obeys her.

For initial illustration the artist has selected a model, dressed in a gown of velvet and embroidery, full of style and distinction, and not a costly gown withal. The color of the material should be cream, while the embroidery should be in blue brown, and, if you desire, you may embroider directly upon the stuff itself.

It will be noticed that the embroidered collar slopes very gradually to a point at the waist, and is set off by a lace or crepe de chine jacket.

Great care must be taken to have the basque perfectly flat and smooth over the hips, and the deep cuffs should be considerably wider than the sleeves.

the fan pieces at the back being close folded. The bottom is turned up and forms a hem a hand wide.

The silk foundation has a ruffle at the some of charming velvet short jackets, and the choker is a wide lace or crepe de chine, with the shoulders, from which they seem to be ready to drop. They are of velvet, lined with some light-colored silk, which is never seen as the close lace is open in front.

The silk covers the wide turn-over collar, and has some metal garniture. The cloak and has some metal garniture. The cloak is made of a material, and both the bracelets and the waist belt are open in front.

The waist belt goes with the bodice, and is made of a material, and both the bracelets and the waist belt are open in front.

With this picturesque garment you must wear one of those delightfully medieval-looking hats, with a tall and wide crown, the same tone as the Venetian cloak.

The soft crown is quite sumptuous under feathered hats, there are two bows of feather, aiguillettes, tall and set on one side with a very striking and pleasing dash.

You'll see these two bits of old-fashioned female fashions quite often, especially at theatre, concert and reception. They date back to the time when the great artists of the day designed the costumes.

You'll see some gowns from in the new dresses. Sometimes the gown is only made princess at the back, and the over-skirt is a row of old-style buttons.

The corsage is made Louis XIV, with roses, and there is a long vest of old brocade with a wide lace or crepe de chine jacket, and a point in front.

Fur will be much affected a little

## FURS TO NOSE TIPS.

Last Winter's Will Do if Cut in Fashion.

Some Gowns that Need an American Girl to Beautify Them.

Charming Costumes Worn by Chubby English Children.

**ONDON, Oct. 9.**—To say that what is fashionable in fur for this season would fill a book, for in truth there is no fur that is not fashionable; and whatever kind of color you may have stowed away in camphor and newspapers, bring it forth and wear it with your very best grace, for the fur itself cannot be anything but stylish, however outre the cut may be.

Fur is used to trim everything from broadcloth street gowns and coats to tulip ball frocks. It is worn in jackets and coats and pelisses; cut into narrow strips for garniture, worked into the intricacies of embroideries and lavished upon hats and bonnets to an excessive degree.

It seems as if feminine fancy, however, was taking the bit in mouth, so to speak, and running amuck in the fashionable world, when it indulges in such an incongruity as a broadcloth dress trimmed with flounces of delicate chantilly, headed by a wide band of marie fur.

But that is what a stylish and supposedly tasteful London lady was guilty of ordering a week ago, together with a hat of lace and fur.

This is no more surprising, however, than the silk tulle that Peter Robinson displays in his Regent st. establishment.

For those people who race after extremes of fashion, a little lace and fur, I cannot tell if that quite fancy it; but one never knows when her mind will change about such things, and I may be the wildest raver of them all before the season is over.

It is, however, a good idea to have a wide band of lace and fur.

Later on for collar, cuffs and garniture at the bottom of the skirt. The fall flowing sleeves end at the elbow and there is a tight-fitting sleeve of the brocade reaching to the wrist. Small bows have been added to the cuffs, which are tucked in under the chin.

MYRTLE MEADE.

**PRESIDENT DRIVES HIMSELF.**

Never Goes Alone, and Always Has with His Wife or Daughter, or a Cabinet Officer—Next to Driving He Enjoys Walking in the Liveliest Streets.

**WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.**—ORTUNATELY it is, after all, a comparatively easy matter to get a sight of the President of the United States, one need only know how to go about it. Now that he is back again at the White House, the President has resumed his ride afternoons. He has to have exercise just as any other man, although, as he had been accustomed to a sedentary life in Indianapolis, the close confinement is no change.

If anything, however, he takes more exercise than formerly, and since Grant's time no president has gone about Washington so simply.

The exercise takes the form of driving and walking, principally the former, and in the saddle he is never seen.

Usually he drives driving, and on an ordinary any pleasant afternoon, when not detained by pressing business, he can be seen rolling away from the mansion between 4 and 5 o'clock.

The turnout is not at all ostentatious, comprising a high mail buggy, to which is hitched a newly-acquired pair of ponies that he holds in high esteem.

They can strike a fair pace, and as there

is no carriage, the President's driving is not to be envied.

He is a man of great energy, and when he is not about, he is always to be seen in the White House, and the family are engaged, Secretary Haiford is relied on for escort.

Next to driving the President enjoys a walk. He goes about in any part of the city freely, but never unattended, and says he is not afraid to walk alone, and it is not simply because he happens to be living in the White House instead of in his Indiana home.

He seldom starts out with an objective point or plans a walk before he starts.

Sometimes it is only a turn through the parks, or through the White House lot or the War Department.

He likes to walk the people, and most frequently walks about the liveliest streets of the city, and is always to be seen in the many photographs of the President scattered over the country, hardly one out of the hundreds whom we passes recognize him.

As a pedestrian, he may be called a success. His gait is rather deliberate, but not leisurely, and he can cover a good piece of ground, and tire out any but particularly strong walkers before he is content to face about.

Politicians meet him and raise their hats, but no one ever intrudes or attempts to stop him to talk business or force himself upon him.

He is not at all afraid of being too much like the rest of mankind, and if anything like the rest of mankind, he steps into his place.

Moreover, he is not much like the rest of mankind, for he has been known to stand up before a counter and patronize soda fountains with every evidence of satisfaction.

As a pedestrian, he may be called a success. His gait is rather deliberate, but not leisurely, and he can cover a good piece of ground, and tire out any but particularly strong walkers before he is content to face about.

Women Adore Babies.

The statistics of the country say that women all over the world, are more merciful on the subject of babies. Any thing that has a semblance of a baby is worshipped by them. They adore it with a violent persistency that is quite astounding, and if the baby happens to be pretty, the adoration that is heaped upon it is indeed something to behold.

The Cleveland baby from all accounts is a peer of its kind, and in a short time promises to be the darling of an infantile God-dess of Liberty.

These facts being the case, there is no doubt that eight out of every 10 young girls, women, and even married women, who have just been married, are more merciful on the subject of babies. Any thing that has a semblance of a baby is worshipped by them. They adore it with a violent persistency that is quite astounding, and if the baby happens to be pretty, the adoration that is heaped upon it is indeed something to behold.

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## HOWARD'S LETTER.

The Philosopher Discourses on Value of Nerve Tissues.

Capacity for Enjoyment of All Kinds Enhanced by Their Possession.

Occasionally Painful, but Always to be Thankful For.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—Thank heaven for nerve.

Anatomists will tell you that "a nerve is a bundle of fibres which establish communication between the various parts of the animal body and the brain and spinal cord."

Over-sensitive individuals will insist that nerves are a something, the physical properties of which they know nothing, which, when in good order, sustain them in every mental effort, but which, in disorder, upset their every effort, and render them incapable of effort or inactivity. How often you hear the expression concerning an irritable man or an everlasting unrest woman. He or she "is a bundle of nerves." That would seem to indicate that a nerve was not a good thing to have, because if it were a desirable factor the man or the woman who was a bundle of nerves would be the best equipped for the storms and encounters of the wide, wide world.

Now, I am a Nervous Man.

And thank heaven for it.

It is a fact that every man suffered more keenly with a nervous headache than I.

If there is a fellow-being whose transverse column gives him more absolute agony than mine on occasions, he has not only my sympathy but my profound respect for the marvellous power of endurance he displays.

We speak of the nervous action of a horse, suggesting fine breeding.

The Term Nervous

is applied invariably to people who are unsettled, not necessarily shattered, but unreliable, unstable.

"It wouldn't do," we say, "to let Charley drive the team to town, he is so nervous," meaning that his mentality would be rendered useless by nervous excitement.

But the horse we run at his nerves will give under and a smash up would be the result. If a woman hates to hear what I most thoroughly enjoy, the howling of the wind through the chimneys, the beating of the rain upon a tin roof, the wild weirdness of the night when storms are in the air, we say, "she is so internally nervous." If a person jumps at the least noise, "nervousness" is the expression.

You come down to the breakfast table, pale, languid, and, in response to a friendly inquiry, will explain that you are "so nervous" that you didn't sleep a wink all night long.

Thomson says:

"Let him from nerves and finer fibres leave; and I then to my great children leave; and many rare virtues, caught me before,

Says Dodridge:

"Awake my soul, stretch every nerve  
And press with vigor on;  
A heavenly hand demands thy seal;  
And all thy joys are now withdrawn."

Hammer, when confronted with his father's ghost, exclaims:

"My fate creeps out;  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Neman lion's nerve."

And the sweet poet Wordsworth sings:

"Mightier far  
The strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway  
Of magic, potent over sun and star,  
Is love."

Our old friend Macbeth comes to the front, and says:

"What man dare I face."

After him comes the raged Russian bear,

The armed rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger,

Take in shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble."

Now, without entering into the realm of technicality, without bewilder ourselves in the maze of pathology or anatomy or hospital jargon, let us look at

The Study of Nerves

for a moment and ascertain whether, on the whole, we are in harmony with the expression I most heartily give and endorse, "Thank heaven for nerves." The old gentleman who suggested to the world at large and his friend in particular, "Know thyself," warranted the inference that in his belief mankind doesn't understand itself.

Especially the vast majority of the race are in that dismasted, dismuntled and uncombed situation. It appears to me that before a man should tremble even humbly to teach his fellows, he should make a thorough study of himself.

It is by no manner of means necessary that the photograph he takes should be exploited to the world.

Common sense relents from any self-sufficiency of that sort, even were a man to come into a condition of such wealth that the imperial father he most nearly resembled his creator. I imagine that the most prominent of us, who, to a tolerable approximation, have chosen careers for contentment, for satisfaction, for agreeable recognition of existing facts—must in the secret of his soul, when he is alone, be as attentive to the men and women in his charge as before he absolutely ignored the presence of any save of him who rides his horse, and the keen of his eye, which the surgeon has yet to discover, which has thus far failed to tell that secret channel, which, however, even though we have soul above a peanut knows exists within him, that subtle chamber wherein congenital, regnant sins—knows also his own weaknes.

Every man with a mind the length of the sting of a mosquito understands his mental weaknesses, and the secret of the bestiality of certain factors within him, his greed, his avarice. And also knows how that which passes so many for generosity is a sure inability to appreciate the value of what he throws away.

Thousands of men are replete generous, who give more than they can afford to give.

How many a man has given a dime, a quarter, a dollar to a man rather than be intruded upon for a moment, who, at another time would have refused the humblest pitiful.

Circumstances alter cases, conditions determine very often it. You don't go to see the doctor in a box and pass with out putting something in it. Why? It isn't that you object to seeing it passed, but that you are from having seen it before, you see that you are not pass without substantial recognition.

And You Know It.

That secret chamber where sits the judge, ever vigilant, you hear the sentence pronounced, "you miserable sneak," and as it is in that trite and obvious illustration, so it is through the entire realm of life, and with the inspired writer, as with the "I" he writes, "I am the inspiration most decidedly, for every man does know himself, assuming that he is not in the gutter with the brutes, in the muck heap of dissipation, so that his nerves are unstrung and his conscience stupefied. Rising, however, to the best of his ability, he may not be conspicuously silly and foolish, first of all thoroughly understand them—mentally, morally, physically."

Do I think I do, and if I don't it's because I fall to study.

You can credit me with certain mental qualities which I know perfectly well I don't possess.

You may think of me in certain lines of humanitarianism, I know that I have no right to stand among the glorious and the great, yet to be glorified in the eyes of the world, and the grand, nothing possible to this profound evidence of the Creator, man's bodily construction, which doesn't at once become your servant and your slave.

Even the nerves can out think, out work, out last a thousand nerves, half-witted, undisturbed individuals, if he has given them the right to do so.

The most seductive wine from the choicest vineyard of the earth have no effect upon your stomach. Wines prepared most carefully, and the best of them, give you no more to you than so much pork and beans.

Heaven for nerves!

With nerves in good condition, there is nothing known in the realms of intellectuality, nothing dreamed of in poetic fancy or in the realms of art, which he can't do.

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